

## [Mike Pelletier]

[?4?]

Maine

Living Lore in New England

MIKE [PELLTTIER?] PELLETIER

MY NAME is Magloire Pelletier. Mike is a nickname that they call me for short. My last name is Piletier Pelletier , but sometimes I spell it Pelky. Mitchell is just the English way of suying saying my first name.

My father lived on a farm in Canada. He came to Old Town from St. Herbert, Quebec, in 1865. He and his wife and their fourteen children came down from St. Herbert in a covered wagon something like the ones used by the old 'forty-niners. They came down through River du Loup, Edmunston and Madawaska.

"The first place he worked was in a sawmill in Veazie that was owned by Gen. Samuel Veazie, who built the old Veazie Railroad between Bangor and Old Town. That Veazie road was twenty feet higher than it is now when the railroad ran along there. The rails in those days were known as 'strap rails,' and they were made of wooden timbers with strips of iron nailed on the tops. After the rails were taken up they cut down the road bed to its present level and used the dirt to fill in around that part of the town where South Brunswick Street is. Down on Pine Street where my father lived was practically in the woods. There used to be drifts some winters fifteen feet high, and the only way they could get uptown was to use skiis or snowshoes. 2 saving machinery in sawmills then, you understand all the work was muscular. Nowadays [logs?] are fed to the gang saws by automatic feed rolls, but in the old time saw mills they had to be "spudded" against the saws. They had

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to get their shoulders against the spuds and push for all they were worth. (The "spuds" sometimes used in woods work now are probably the same as those referred to by Mr. Pelletier. They are used in place of [cant?] dogs and are sections of [????])

["Father couldn't speak English very well when he landed in Old Town, [but] the French-Canadians never had any trouble getting jobs around here[.] [?] There were a lot of fellow - countrymen French to help them but with the language, and a lot of the bosses were French. They got \$1.50 a day in the saw mills in those days, and they had to work fifteen hours a day. # There weren't any lodges or societies here then - not for the French, anyway. After a man had worked fifteen hours a day about all he felt like joining was a mattress[.] [???] insert in [?] 1 "The people whow worked fifteen hours a day in those saw mills He had blame little time or inclination for anything else. to plant gardens, as you can[ .? ] well imagine. Twenty-five or thirty years later, when they had to work only ten or twelve hours, they began to raise a little garden stuff. No #

"Wages were low then, but so were living expenses. You could get a rent for from three to five dolars a month. [\$2.25] paid for a cord of four-foot wood, or you could go out here and cut stampage for 35 cents a cord. You could get a barrel of flour for three or three and a half, and a quarter of beef or pork at four-and-a-half cents a pound. The way those fellows did was to buy a lot of provisions to 3 last them through the winter . [?] If they didn't want to go to the woods, they could sit back and smoke their pipes [??] with the chance [?] they could pick up a few odd jobs here and there [???] until the mills [?] open opened in the spring. They would be broke when the winter was over, but they wouldn't owe anything - at least not very much - and they knew a job was in the offing. [out?] out "[The diseases they had in those?] days were about the same as we have now, but the doctors had different names for them. Appendicitis used to be called 'inflammation of the bowels,' and if you got that there was slim chance for you. Doctors have [more?] knowledge now than they formerly had, and we don't have the severe epidemics of [cholera?] and black dyphtheria that used to carry away so many. Jim Fortier, [who?] used to live over here, lost six children in a week because of black dyphtheria. [There?] was an epidemic of small

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pox in Old [Town?] forty years ago. They had a pest house out where the old trotting park used to be. The last epidemic of large proportions that we had here occurred about the time of the influenza epidemic during the World War. There wasn't a great many deaths then, but it's safe to say that if it had happened sixty years ago, ten times as many people would have died. The doctors have a lot of long names that nobody can understand for diseases now, but when you come to think of it medicine has come a long way in the span of a lifetime. Hundreds of children couldn't die now because [?] an epidemic and [?] of [?] wouldn't [????] "That church on Water Street was moved up there from Great Works in [1870?], and that was all of [ten?] years before Father [?] arrived. Father o'Brian [was the?] priest [??] (Father [?] said [? ????] was an Irish priest here about that [time?].) [?] and [?] were tow other early priests. [????]

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"I was three months old when my father moved over here to Pine Street. [?] you [????] tonight the road had been plowed [?] down [?] to [?] surface [??] the sidewalks [you ? have to wade through ?.] In the old days there was no sidewalk and sometimes the snow was six or eight feet deep on the level. More than once I've seen my father [come?] up [that?] road dragging a homemade sled on which he had a barrel of flour. He hauled it all the way from uptown. The road was narrow, and scrub pine, birch, and elders that grew close to it, made an arch overhead. They didn't have any street plows in the Old Town then: they used to [hitch?] a short, heavy log behind a sled and let it roll along to break out the road. [The best sidewalks were make of planks. The walk on Main Street was fairly wide in the business section, but from the lower end down to Great Works it was only two planks wide, and they were set far enough apart so that people could pass without getting off the planks. Sidewalks that weren't planked were pretty bad when they thawed [the frost came?] [out?] in the spring. The roads were [??] , too, [so that time of the year,?] [especially?] in the low places. [???????????? ?] In the summer the roads were [??] enough better , but they were covered, in [some?] places, with dust two [or?] three inches deep.?] [?]

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"My father worked in different saw mills around here. One of them was built right [across?] the river between the lower [end?] of French Island and Old Town. All those [rocks?] that make the current rough there, [are?] what is left of the foundations of the mill. It was burned thirty-four years ago. Shad Rips, on the Milford side of the island, got its name from the shad that used to run there. The [people?] used to catch them with [?]. The shad don't run there now because they can't get over the dams. suggest [????]

"Where Jordan's Mill is now on Water Street there used to be a small machine shop run by Tim [Chapman?], the father of Fred. When Chapman moved his business across the river to where it is now, Mose Jordan started to saw "headings" in the former machine shop. Headings are the tops and bottoms of barrels. Across the street, over the store where Morin had his pool room, Strickland and Pearson had a moulding mill. Bill Page was the foreman. Jordan kept increasing the size to his plant until it included a saw mill, a box mill, a casket factory, and a moulding moulding mill. They started making wooden mouldings about the time Strickland and Pearson went out of business. "If you interviewed [??] you [?] that he lives on [?] worth Street, but do you know how it came to be called that? [Bosworth?] is not a French name. Old Charlie [Bosworth's?] father - you remember [Charlie?], the fellow that had the wooden leg? - used to make caskets over on that street and they named it after him. The caskets he made weren't very fancy affairs: they were made of soft wood and they sold for six or eight dollars. If you wanted [something?] a little better in hardwood, it would cost you a little more. George [?], I remember, [?????] "The Old Tavern."

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"Water Street was a pretty [wild?] place after the drives came in. Those drivers used to race down from the head of Indian Island. The redskins had a cannon over there and when that [?] gang got in sight the Indians used to fire it off for a signal to the whites. A lot of people used to gather on the shore to watch them land. There were eight in a boat and when those boats hit the landing [some?] of them would go nearly all their [??] on the

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shore. The drivers made for Water Street the first thing, but they had to [get?] by some people, like "[Humpy?]" Mischou first, that were trying to drag them in to sell them suits of clothes. "[Humpy?]" [? for ?????] was quite a character.

"I've seen free-for-all-fights going on on Water Street all the way from the bridge down to the last saloon. Those fellows would get drinks and they'd start to remember the words that had passed in the woods. Every word had to [be accounted for.?] About all the police could do was to stand back and let them fight it out.

"I can remember quite a few of those old river [?] the Sweet boys, Jo Nichols, John Latno - he [was?] Alex,' the ex-mayor's father. [They were?] That was around fifty years ago . and [some?] Some of them could do things on logs you wouldn't believe could be done. I've seen Jo Nichols take a 'clapboard cut' and spin it end for end in the water. [? ??????????????????] A clapboard cut was just a thick log as long as a clapboard . They used to cut clapboards from. The log wasn't rolled in the ordinary way, [??] they used to spin them end for end. Once they got it started, they'd keep it going.

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"There used to be a saw mill in Great Works. It was right where the company power house is now. I've seen more than one driving boat go through that [sluice?] and strike the white water at the other end. People used to go down there to watch the rafts go through; it was quite a sight. They used to think it was great sport to ride the rafts from Old Town down the [river?] to Bangor. People [?????????] with plenty of money , used to bring lunches down in boxes and board rafts for the sail down river. Nobody objected, least of all the people who [worked?] on the rafts. It was just good company for them. Going over the dam was where they got their biggest thrill. The rafts , of [course?], didn't go over the falls: they would have been broken up that way. The boats [went?] down through the sluice, but the rafts went by was of the apron. The main part of the dam [dropped?] off sharply and the current ran pretty fast through the sluice, but the apron sloped down very gradually. It was quite a sight to see the rafts of shipmasts go through. They were about seventy feet long, and

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[???] had to be rafted lengthwise. They used birch poles in rafting the [shipmasts?] because they had to be careful they didn't break apart. There was a lot of money tied up in one of those rafts. Insert # from P. [18?] A.

"It wasn't only logs and shipmasts that were floated down. The sawmills used to make [?] rafts of dimension, and on those they would pile boards and smaller stuff such as clapboards, laths, and bunches of shingles. They were floated down to the docks in Bangor where they were broken up and loaded on to vessels. When the water was high early in the year they could make the rafts bigger and heavier. I've seen them 150 feet long and 50 feet wide. A raft of that size represented a lot of money.

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"On the dimension rafts that carried the smaller stuff, they used to bore two holes at the front end and drive in posts that kept an [8x9?] from slipping off. This piece of timber ran along the front end and the boards [were?] piled with one end of them resting on that. It had the effect of [tipping?] up the front end. The rafts were steered with sweeps fourteen feet long and tapered up to a point at one end.

"You used to see a lot of logs 'hedgehogged' along the shore in the fall. Sometimes [there?] would be as [much?] as 10,000,000 feet ahead. Those logs stayed there all winter, [and?] in the spring the mills used them [to?] run on until the spring drives started to come in. The only drives we see around here now are pulp wood drives. They used to dry all the wood they used here ([to make pulp?]), but now they use the wet stuff, too.

[ " Speaking of the apron on the dam reminded reminds me of a queer sight [?????] down near the Veazie Dam. Those sea [gulls?] [?] alight on the water about fifty feet above the dam and let the current carry them down the runway. Just before they get to the rough water they'll go up in the air and fly back to where they started from. They are like a bunch of kids, sliding.?) [???? ????????????????? ????] Insert Page 12 A.

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"It's funny that I've lived here all my life, but my boys are scattered all over the country. That [picture?] on the wall there is one of Rudolph, my oldest boy. He is in Missouri now working in a varnish plant. He was on a torpedo boat in the navy during the World War. He was over there when the German fleet surrendered to the British. That photograph on the piano is one of my youngest boy: he graduated from the high school last year. This year he is at a 9 CCC camp. When the boys get finally settled, maybe they'll take after me enough to stay [put.?]

"I have belonged to the Catholic [?] for the last thirty years, and my wife and I have been in the Grange for twenty-five years. When the Knights of Columbus got their charter here I was too old to be anything but a charter member in that so I never joined it. [I have a life insurance policy in the ??.]

“Those accordions under the table belong to me and the wife. We played at [WLEZ?] when that station first started and maybe we'd be playing there now if it wasn't so far from home. Accordion music was [something?] of a novelty on the radio then: people liked it. We played at the first Auto Show in Bangor, and whenever the Grange has on an entertainment, I guess they'd think it strange if we weren't there to [play?]. Guess I've played the accordion for fifty years. If I gave you a list of the songs [we?] played, it would be a long one. We could probably play all night without having to [repeat?] anything. We always played the music of the day. [Yes, I played fifty years ago ??????????????????????]. Any music is ood good if it's played right at the proper time. I like all of it. “

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Mrs. Pelletier stepped out of the room for a moment to return with a box of prints and enlargements

[.] ??? ??. Among the prints was a picture of [ Thunder [Hole?] ?], several taken at the [?] of the a family clam [?] bake , and one taken on Indian Island. Mrs. Pelletier , (pointing pointed to the picture taken on the Indian Island ) “It was very funny. Mrs. [James?] asked one of the Indians if the

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natives ever got wild. She meant, of course, if they ever went on the warpath or scalped people. The Indian said, 'A few of us do, madam, but only on Saturday nights.'"

"On those clammin' trips we always brought a little something to eat along with the clams. It might be bread, crackers, cake, pie—anything that any one wanted to bring along. Green corn, on the cob, is pretty good cooked along with clams. You just cook it right under the seaweed. You always have to take something along to drink for there's no fresh water down there at the shore. A lot of people make tea or coffee when they're cooking clams. You don't have to pay anything to dig clams—just find a good place and go to it.

"They have clam hoes to dig the clams with, but I always used a garden spade. One of those, you know, with four prongs on it. The way we baked the clams was to find a flat rock and build a fire on it of driftwood to heat it up. When the rock is pretty hot you rake the ashes off and just lay the clams on the rock with some seaweed over them. I suppose the clams are really steamed because there's a lot of water in them and the steam forces the shells open. [????????] a lot of [?] too."

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had [more ??? to look after. Sometimes they had to go as far ????? did it, too. It ??? built the piece on [the?] front end of the church. He christened me, too.]

[“If that convent had been there when I started to go to school my parents would probably have sent me there, but that place [was?] put up only fifty-four years ago. I was one of the first scholars there, but I attended it only the last two years I went to school. By that time I had graduated from the grammar grades.\*1] [?] “When I started goin' to school [“?] there were just two schools [?]: the McKinley School up there next to the city hall, and that little one down on Main Street that Mitchell made over into a house. \* [ [?? just two rooms ????? Main Street: was upstairs ?? down. The ? school,?] where I started in, was a lot bigger. They had four big [rooms?],— two up and two down—and the hallways and coat rooms were big. There were two grades in every room except one where there

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were three. Those what they called the intermediate grades— 3, 4, and 5. There were two teachers in that room - one was Fannie Murphy. Frank Averill's sister, Gertie, taught in one of the rooms upstairs for a long time before she went to work in the postoffice.?) That [McKinley?] School was a two story, wooden building with a brick and granite basement. They used coal [??] to heat the school. There was fairly modern plumbing in the basement, but there weren't many houses in town then - even the best ones - that had sewer connections. There was no drinkin' water piped inside, but there was a good well in the yard. There was [?????] but it [?] be a pretty modern school [?] today. The seats [? ?????????????? ?] That McKinley School burned flat soon after they built that big [??] School on Brunswick Street. That was named for a

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"I never had a [bicycle?] when I was a boy. I was afraid to get on one. All they had here then were tricycles and [?] with a big [?] in front. You could get an awful flip on one of those things. There was just that small wheel behind, and if it struck a rock, you were apt to get tossed right over the handlebars." [?] Grady: I thought those bicycles went out long before you were born." [Mike?]: "No: they had them around here then.

"I was the oldest boy at home, and I helped quite a lot with chores around the house. I shoveled paths in the winter and helped some in [the?] garden in the summer, [arrvied?] in wood, and brought in water [????]. Father always raised some tobacco every year. Some of the leaves on those plants would be 18 inches long. He used to cut the tops off so the plants would spread out more. He started them in a hot bed so they'd have a little longer growin' season.

"When I was ten years old I used to go out in the woods with father to help out the years' wood. We took our lunch and stayed all day. He'd build a fire at noon and heat up whatever we had. It was usually meat or egg sandwiches and some kind of pie or cake. [We?] used to carry a bottle of tea that we'd heat up out in the woods in a big tin can that we kept for that. We cut ten cords every year - that's what we used in the house. What we

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cut one winter, we'd use the next. "When I was a kid I was to [?] any ambitions. I had some younger brothers and sisters, and I [?????] support then when I got [?] job in [?????] [?????????????????]

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"I was twelve years old when I learned to play the accordion, and Home Sweet Home was the first piece I learned. I played the harmonica when I was ten. Father played the violin, and Lewis and George played the harmonica. Lewis played the accordion some, too. Some of those old pieces we used to play you never hear now, and I don't know where anybody could get them. There was Peek-a-Boo, Rock-a-bye-Baby, Man in the Moon, Speed the Plow, The Irish Washer-Woman, and a lot more like Over the Waves and Turkey in the Straw that didn't die out.

"We used to have a lot of parties in those days, and we generally had a good time. The expense was so small that it wasn't worth mentionin'. We used to play [Postoffice?], Spin the Plate, Play the [?], Catch the Rat, Blind Man's Bluff and The Turn Over Game. In that last one two of them used to lay down on the floor head to head and on their backs, and lock legs together and try to turn each other over. The girls used to play it, too. They'd wear bloomers or put on an old pair of pants, and some of them were pretty good at it. I've seen them turn some of the men over. Spin the Plate, Blind Man's Bluff, and Catch the Rat were kissin' games. They'd take a piece and [?] it [??] and give [?] spin. If you could catch it without lookin' it [?] you could kiss [??] but if you missed the plate, you had to take a [???] In Catch the Rat they had a handkerchief tied up to represent the rat and you had to pick out the one that had the handkerchief. Everybody knows how to play Blind Man's Bluff and Postoffice. In that cushion game they used to put a sofa cushion on the floor behind some one. The game was to sit down before some one could pull the cushion away.

"We used to have candy pulls, too, and molasses candy was a great favorite. They used a cup of molasses to a half cup of sugar, a little salt, some vinegar, and a spoonful of butter. After that cooked a while they set it on the back of the stove to cool off a bit, and 14 then

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they stirred inn some soda to make it foam up. Then they'd take it out and pull it until it started to harden up. Some people used butter on their hands durin' the pullin; and some used flour. That [??] to make the candy grainy and [??] It had [??????] I [?] Sometimes at those parties we had ice cream, and we always made that at home in a freezer; it wouldn't have seemed like a party unless we did.

“They used to make maple sugar around here, too. George Gardner has a sugar house now out near his cottage on the road to [?] [?]. They had big pans to put the sap in, and they'd build a ire fire under them to boil the sap down. Once they started sugar makin' they kept it up day and night until they got throught. There were three stages in that boilin' process. They got maple syrup from the first- that's what George [??] soft maple sugar candy in the second, and maple sugar in the third. They had moulds in the shape of banks, churches, dolls, and so forth that they used in makin' maple sugar candy. “You were sayin' something about [???? ???] “ About seventy years ago there used to be a brick house down near the river below [?] Mill. That was a ‘bad’ house, and there was a ledge along side of it that ran right down to the water. Some people named Miles lived there. My father said somebody told him they looked in through a window one night and they saw old Miles, with black gloves on his hands, dancin' around the room. The queerest part of that place was the tracks in the ledge that led from the door down to the edge of the water.

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There was an awful deep hole in the river bed right there. I've seen those tracks of a man and I've walked barefoot in them. They were the tracks of a man and you could see where a dog had walked alongside of him. Right near the edge of the water there was a place scooped out of the ledge so that it looked like a seat in the rock. I don't know how that got there. It couldn't have been worn by the water because it was too high up for that. I'ts pretty hard to account for those tracks in the ledge too. They were all of three inches deep, and I've seen them myself. That was all of sixty years ago. That ledge is all covered up

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now with dirt and saw dust. People used to say that it was the devil that walked across there. Back in the old days that said things like that were the work of banshees. #:

[? paragraph ?]

I've heard my father tell stories about Canada, and some of them were facts. No # run in above [?????????????] people under the church until a cemetery was made ready. There was a girl died up there, and her folks noticed that her flesh stayed soft. She was buried under [the?] church, and when it came time to dig her up to put her over in the cemetery, her [mother?] said she'd like to have the coffin opened so she could see her daughter again. They opened that coffin and they found that the girl had turned over on her face, and that most of her hair had been [????????????? ?]

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[?] She evidently had woke up out of the trance she was in, and as long as the air held out she struggled to get out of that grave. There was another story about a woman that died, and when they were havin' a funeral service in the church she sat up in the casket, and then got up and walked home. The undertakers never used to [?] anybody then, and I suppose the doctors didn't [????????????? ?]

"There was a story about two brothers that lived some distance from the village store. One of the brothers was down at the store one night, and when he was there the other one told his mother he was goin' down the road a ways to scare him when he was comin' back. He was a kind of wild actor, and he got an old cowhide with the horns on it and pulled it on over his head and waited behind a tree near the road until he saw his brother comin' home. The other brother saw this figure with the horns comin' to meet him and he picked up a fence rail to defend himself. He hit his brother right between the horns and laid him out on the road and then he ran home and told his folks that he had killed the devil. The old folks had an idea of what had happened and they ran down the road to look. They found their son laying there with his head smashed. [????] They weren't able to get the

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horns off the boy's head, and they had to bury him that way. He'd played the devil so much that he finally turned into one. There was another story my father used to tell that he thought couldn't have happened, but with what we know now about [??] we can see that it could have been possible. [?] are [?]

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"After I left school I worked on the boom until it closed in the fall. That was in 1887. I rafted logs all summer for fifty cents a day. A boom is a long line of logs tied or chained securely together end to end. The ends of such a boom may be tied to piers or to some point on the shore. A boom like this might have fifty different uses. It could be used to guide logs toward a [mill pond?], or to keep them from drifting out after they got there. However when people used to talk of working on the boom they didn't mean a line of logs like that. By the way a 'main boom,' or double boom, was made to two lines of logs wedged together so that a man wouldn't have to be an expert to be able to walk along it. A boom that run along the shore was called a 'shore boom' or shore logs. What [??????] the The boom at [Pea?] Cove was operated by the [Penobscot?] Log Driving Association. Logs were floated down stream from the woods during the spring drives and trapped in a [jam?] at Pea Cove. Those logs were all marked with the owners special marks, and the job at the boom was to sort out those logs and ra t raft the different marks together. The small 'joints' were combined in longs rafts and floated down from the boom to the mills of the [?] owners. You might start down river to Bangor with a long raft, but if some of the logs were for mills in Old Town or [Orono?], all you had to do was kick out the wedges while the raft was floating along and shove the proper joints over to where the mill boom would guide them to where they were supposed to go. The gaps in the main raft would be pulling the sections together. " [?]: "By the way, Mike, the [???] the other day what a 'dingle' [?] and I told him it was where they kept the horses in the woods. Later on I thought that was wrong. What about it?" [?] "If you'd ever taken horses to the dingle and left them all night, the boss would have explained what it was the next morning. A dingle is a storehouse for meats and provisions. [??? ???] The wangan was a kind of little store where tobacco,

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socks, mittens, thread, and stuff like that was sold. The [timekeeper?], was also the clerk of the wangan, slept time, and there

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[????????????] [????????????] [????????????] [??]

"I never saw any trouble or fights in the woods, but I saw a couple of bad accidents. They have men workin' around the blacksmith shop makin' sleds, and one of these fellows had a sled runner between his legs and he was [howin'?] away at it with an ax when the ax slipped and cut his knee cap right in two. I saw another fellow get his leg crushed with a log on the landin'. That was up at Brandy Pond, about 18 miles above Costigan. They had to haul these fellows out to the railroad station at Costigan, and from there they took them to the hospital in Bangor. There wasn't much they could do for those fellows in the woods except to do a rough job at [settin?]' the bone and put splints on the leg, but I suppose that had to be done over again when they got the fellow to the hospital. . With that split knee cap [all?] they could do was to bind it up to stop the bleeding, and get the fellow to [Bangor?] as quick as they could.

"There was seventy five men in that crew where I was. On rainy days the'd sit around playin' cards—poker, for matches or beans, or high-low-jack. Sometimes they'd have some clothes to darn or mend, and sometimes they'd grind axes or make ax handles. I've seen as much as a barrel of ax handles ahead. They made some pretty good handles just with an ax and a jack knife and maybe a piece of broken glass.

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"To play if you didn't have any money you could go to the [manager?] and get a can of smokin' or a plug of chewin' tobacco. The banker in the game would give you ten or fifteen beans for that, and if you still had the beans at the end of the game, you could get you tobacco back. A bean represented one cent in merchandise. [ The men were supposed to boil their clothes every week or two and Sunday, but some of them didn't bother. [We?] used to build a bon fire down by the brook, and put the underwear in a boiler full of water

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over the fire.?) “ There was always some one [?], that collect ed spruce gum that they kept in a cloth bag. They'd make a dollar or two sellin' the gum to some drug store when they got down river in the spring.

“Beans were cooked in bean [holes?] mostly on the drives, but sometimes they cooked them that way in the woods. You see on the [drives?] the men were always on the move, and they couldn't very well carry a stove with them and keep takin' it down and settin' it up all all the time. They knew where tose those bean holes were along the shore, and all the cook had to do when the rear went by was to hop into a boat with his pots and pens and provisions and row down to the next bean hole.

“We used to cook about ten quarts of dried beans a day for those seventy five [meni?] men, and that would be twenty quarts of cooked beans. The bean hole was about two feet deep and three feet square, but I've seen them four feet square. We lined the hole with rocks to hold the heat, and then we throw in some wood and get a good fire going. When there was plenty of hot ashes [and coals?] in the hole we raked them away from the middle and set in the bean pot. Then we raked the coals and ashes back over the iron pot.

[?????????????] cuttin: [?] stuff is all [?]. [Then?] they [????] big stuff the head chopper would spot the trees [ahead?] of the sawyers by cuttin a little spot of bark off on the side that the trees were to fall.

Then the sawyers would saw them down. sometimes they'd get two or three logs out of one tree. The head swamper planned the direction of the roads, and swampers would cut the trees down as near the ground as they could. They'd throw the brush to one side and fill in holes in the road with short logs. The logs that the sawyers out were hauled to yards and piled up there. One sled tender always worked with every teamster. After the logs were yarded they were hauled on sleds to landings near the book or river that would carry them down to the boom in the spring. Woodsmen and log drivers worked from daylight 'till dark. The drivers had a longer day because the days were longer in the

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spring and summer. They slept in tents, and sometimes they rolled up in the blankets with their clothes wet. It was a hard life and men had to be plenty tough. [They never had [?]. You know we were talkin' about bean holes the other night. You could generally find one of those near trips' for the drive were usually slowedup in these places, and they were generally where the [??]??]

"On those brook landings sometimes they'd pile logs right on the ice, and sometimes they'd pile them along the shore. I've seen logs piled fifteen feet high against two trees. In the spring they'd out those trees down and let the logs roll into the water. [?] [ Bill Rioux : "I've never seen that done, Mike."?] [ Mike : "Well, I have. Rightup here on [??]??] Bill Rioux : "It must have been ajob to cut those two trees down." Mike : " It was dangerous work. In the spring those logs were floated down to the boom and the work of raftin' began. Two or three hundred men and boys worked there when I did, but the number kept dwindlin' down every year [until?] finally the work stopped altogether. There was a lot of logs piled up in a jam back of the gap, and a lot of different companies owned [?????] 21 kind of mark for every kind of log; that is, pine, cedar, hemlock, and so forth. Those marks were cut on the logs up in the woods, and the logs were supposed to be rafted with the marks up. Those marks were something like the brands they put on cattle out west. 'diamond, rabbit tract track ; flyin' goose; cross ; two notches, and so forth. No # run in

"There was an openin' in a boom in front of the jam that they called the 'gap,'" and the logs were pushed down through that gap and rafted along a double boom they called the 'shore logs' that reached down the river half a mile or more. all the rafters had to do was to raft the logs together with wedges and a rope. The checkers stood out on little jiggers made of three or four short logs wedged together and hooked with a short rope to a line that stretched from one end of the boom to the other. Every checker had his own 'boat' and every beat was made up of 'joints,' or rafts. The checker rolled the logs while they were floatin' by him and pushed out the ones that were supposed to be rafted on his beat. The logs they missed were rafted in a 'stray raft' at the end of the boom, and pulled back upstream when the raft got large enough. When the rafts on the different boats got large

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enough they were 'dropped off' in a 'swing.' The men who handled the swings didn't do anything else. "All they have now on the river is pulp wood drives, but they're nothing like the old ones. The pulp wood is cut four feet long [pecked?] in the woods. The boom is a thing of the past. Last year about 40,000 cords of pulp wood came down the river the Great Works, and 60,000 came by train. They haul it all the year around in trucks. They used about 500,000 cords last year. You see they have 50,000 cords in just one yard, and they have several yards down there.

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(I had read a notice in the morning paper which told about a meeting of the Penobscot Log Driving Association, which used to control matters on the boom. I thought that when log rafting stopped on the river that this association went out of business, and I was surprised to read that notice. I asked Mike how they happened to be carrying one) [??] " they They still have a little log driving to do. There's no long stuff comes down now and there's no log rafting, but there's still pulp wood comin' down. They don't hold that up at the boom: the let it go right through. Pulp wood that's apt to get mixed is marked with paint on the end. A red cross is the mark of pulp intended for the Great Works mill. If pulp wood for some other concern got mixed up with that, there would be a job at the boom sorting it out.

"I hear those people down at Bucksport have brought the Cassidy interests up river. They tell me their pulp wood is comin' down the back way to Gilman Falls[,] [(In Old Town).?] There they'll take it out of the water, load it on to trucks, and haul it down to Bucksport. The Great Works pulp wood comes down by way of Milford. " R.G. "Why do they stop that Bucksport wood at Old Town [?] Mike? Why don't they float that fight down to Ducksport? Wouldn't time be a lot cheapin than taking it out of the water and hauling it down in truckload?" [?] "They'd probably like to float the wood down to Bucksport , but they couldn't do it. That's tide water below Bengor. Some of the wood would float down a ways, but a lot of it would be left high and dry on the shore. They'd have to have men all along the shore on both sides to shove it back in.

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Bill Rioux: "When the tide came in it would all come back to Bangor." [?] " That river is pretty broad down below and there's a lot of coves and inlets. Whether there's any islands between here and Bucksport I don't know[.?] but you can see what an impossible [?] taking that would be. They couldn't use booms on account of the shipping, and probably the rise and fall of the tide would ruin them anyway. " [Bill Rioux: "Probably they'd lose a lot by havin' people stand it, too."?] Mike: "Sure they would. " I guess if they could get wood down that way they'd find it was costing a lot more than it would to haul it in trucks. They used to float logs down to a sawmill in Brewer, but they had a sheer boom to guide the logs over there. The logs they used to float down to Banger were loaded on the ships down there at the wharves. A log drive in tide water would certainly have raised the dickens with the old side wheelers that used to come up the river. It was funny to watch those things turn around. They'd reverse one wheel and run the other ahead. It's been a long time since one of those showed up on the river. " (When I was living I told Mike I hoped that I wasn't bothering him and his wife too much. "Not at all," he said, "We had nothing to do tonight, and that helps to pass the [time?].

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Mike "No, I didn't, They must have got me mixed [????] else. But I know quite a lot about it just the same. There were some of us standing around down there one day when Clapp was there. He was the owner of the mill and a millionaire several times over. He was looking at a dryer and [??????????]

"When I quit work on the boom — or rather when it closed — I got a job in the pulp mill in Great Works. That was fifty-two years ago and I've been there ever since. When I was a kid I was too busy to have any ambitions. I had to help support my younger brothers and sisters. When I got that job in Great Works the only ambition I had was to stay right there as long as I could. I worked in the yard for five years and on the chipper for one year before I went inside. That mill was a pretty small place then compared to what it is now.

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"There was a News reporter [i?] there last summer. Wentworth The superintendent was [showing] him through the mill and they stopped in the [evaporating?] room where I was at work. You [?] remember [reading?] that [interview?] in the News ? That 'grizzled veteran' that the reporter spoke about was me. " [?????????? ????]

That work is a lot easier now. Whom I started in there I had to work ten or twelve hours a day for only \$1.25. Now I work six hours and I get three times as much pay. [??? ??????????????]

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"They can run that mill now with a lot less men than it used to take - outside as well as in. Take it right there on the pulp wood piles: they used to pile all that wood up by hand. They had a crew up above to pile it back, while the ones down below passed it up. They use conveyors now and half a dozen men can do more work than twenty-five used to do.

"In the soda mill that automatic burner put some men out of work. In the bleacher room there used to be five men on a shift besides the boss. They had two wet machines in the mill and all the pulp from the digesters run through those machines. They had to load those bundles of pulp on to hand trucks and haul it over to the bleacher room and put it into the tanks by hand. The bleachers were oval shaped then instead of round, and there were beaters inside of agitators. The stock is not handled anywhere now: it's all pumped around. There are just two men on a shift now in the bleacher room, and they run 100 tons of pulp in a day as compared to the 15 tons that the five men and the boss worked on.

"They used to have one small machine and that used to be down half the time waitin' for stock. Now they have that big machine to go with the small one and they turn out a million and a half pounds of dry pulp in a week. That is just in the soda mill. In the sulphite mill they get a million and a half pounds - or maybe more - in a week, and they employ only twelve or thirteen men on a shift. That's an entirely different process there. There's no evaporating room and no burner. They don't use their liquor over like we do in the soda

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mill. I guess they get a little more for the pulp they turn out over there, and that process saves maybe two or three hundred dollars a day over ours. “

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[????????? ???] [????????????????? ?????????????? ??????????] “ I got a Dodge car in 1928 and last year my wife swapped it for a new Plymouth. She made the deal and I didn't know a thing about it. We took a trip up to Canada that year to see a cousin of mine who runs a garage here, and about a week after we got back this fellow drove into the yard with a new Plymouth. ‘Is that your car,’ I says, when we were sittin' here in the kitchen. ‘No’, he says, ‘that's yours! and she's a sweet runnin' baby.’ ‘Mine?’ I says, and he says, ‘[Sure?],’ and he told me how my wife had arranged to turn in the Dodge when we were up in Grand Isle. [????????? ??????] Of course, if you want stories I can think of stranger ones than that. “That Dodge was in pretty good shape, of course it [pumped?] oil, but all it needed to stop that was saw rings. When he left here to go home in the Dodge he says, “Do you suppose I'll make it?’ We got a postal from him that he mailed the next day. He left here at nine in the morning, and he got to Grand Isle (?) as 5 o'clock that night, so the old Dodge must have traveled right along. I like this Plymouth enough. You can get that up to sixty miles an hour and it rides smoother than the Dodge used to at thirty. I [????????????????? ??????] [“I was twelve years old when i learned to play the accordion, and Home Sweet Home was the first piece I learned. I played the harmonica when I was ten. Father played the violin, and Lewis and George played the harmonica?] 27 27

Maine

Living Lore

Old Town - [?] Mrs. [Polletion?]: “They always have baked beans at the grange suppers.” Mike: “Yes they do at most of those grange suppers, but down in Hampden that night it was an oyster stew. Besides that there was cake, coffee, baked beans, cold meat sandwiches, pickles, and pie. That feed is nearly always home cooked.

"Those stories about buried treasure on the river have been handed down from Captain Kidd's time. In those days there were no dams on the river, and ships could sail pretty well up above Bangor. There were all sorts of stories about how pirates sailed up this way and buried gold and treasure on the banks. I've heard that sometimes they shot a man and buried him on top of the gold, thinkin' that if the body was disturbed, the treasure would disappear. I've seen those holes myself, where people dug, right down near Webster. I've seen the marks on the rocks that they say were out by the pirates givin' directions on how and where to dig. Those marks wouldn't help any one now, of course, because they're all in cipher.

'I was out fishin' once with a fellow had we forgot to bring any bait with us. We didn't know just what to do about it, but I saw a snake with a frog in his mouth, and I says to my partner,' If we only had that frog it might do.' 'Watch me get that,' he says, and he pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his pocket and poured some into the snake's mouth. The snake [dropped?] the frog, and we used that for bait. Well, after we caught a few fish we started to look around for [some?] more frogs, and what did we see but our friend the snake with two more frogs in his mouth that he was bringin' to us.

I told that story to Mayor Cousins at Grange meeting, and [????????]

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"There was another about a fellow that invited a couple of friends of his from New York to come up and learn something about bear huntin'. The three of them got out in the woods and this fellow told his friends that he'd go ahead and do a little scouting. By and by they saw their guide comin' tearin' through the woods with a bear after him. 'Get out of the way, boys,' the fellow hollered. 'I'm takin' this one back to the camp alive.'

"There was a fourteen year old boy shot a deer over here in Wilford a few years ago. Now this story is really true: I know myself, it's a fact. This boy's father taught him to always tag a deer he shot so that no one else could claim it. Well, when the boy shot this deer he

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slipped his tag on to the deer's horns, but when he was turned the other way for a minute the deer jumped up and made off. Sometimes, you know, when a deer is hit it'll drop, but it's apt to get up and run away if it's able to. By and by he heard a shot ahead and when he got up there he found two men skinnin' his deer.

"He told the men that the deer belonged to him, and to prove it he showed them the tag on the deer's horns. One of the men looked at the tag and says, "All right, boy, the deer is yours. Anybody that can tag a deer that was goin' as fast as that one was when we saw it certainly deserves the animal.'" Bill [?] "I know a deer'll got up and get away [sometime?] after it's shot. That happened to Sam Lasky out home. He shot a big buck when he was out huntin' and when he was lookin' around for the doe, the buck got up and beat it. He lost the deer that [?]"

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[ "I've always liked sports, but all I go in for now is fishin' and huntin'. They are my two favorite sports. That deer head you saw mounted in the hall was one I shot last year. That was an eight point buck. I go out every year and I generally get one. One year my wife and I each got one. You want to tell them that I can get into my car here and in five minutes be out in a good hunting region. That'll show them that you don't have to travel very far around here to hunt. I used to like swimmin', skating, baseball, and of course hunting and fishin' when I was a kid. "I can't remember any accidents or anything unusual that ever happened on any of my hunting trips, but I've heard some unusual things that happened to other people. Now you can believe this or not, just as you please.?" ]

"There was a trapper used to live out back here in the woods, and every winter he set a lot of traps. He had a tiger cat that used to follow him around and that cat got to be such a good hunter that he was able to got all his food out in the woods. The trapper didn't have to feed him at all, in fact the cat got so that it wouldn't eat anything unless it killed it himself. One day the cat was out huntin' all alone and he got one of his front paws caught in a trap. When the trapper found him the paw was half chewed off and he got the cat out

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of the trap and took it home. That paw was so bad that the man had to cut it off. It healed all right, but the cant kept gettin' thinner because it couldn't enjoy the food the trapper gave it.

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By and by the man said, 'I'll have to do something or I'll lose that cat sure,' so he got a little piece of cedar and whittled out a wooden leg for the cat and he tacked some leather on the little piece of wood to make a socket to fit on the stump of the cat's leg. He made leather straps to go around the cat's body to hold the leg in place. Well, when the cat first got that wooden leg on it used to shake its paw tryin' to get the thing off, but by and by it got used to it , and the cat got so it could prance around in great style. [As?] soon [?] it got so it [????] started goin' out into the woods again to look for game. The trapper knew the cat was gettin' it, too , because it started to fatten up. That fellow got kind of interested so one day he followed the cat out to see how it managed [??? ?] and he saw the cat creep up on something and grab it with one paw and hit it over the head with that wooden leg. [?] some trapper that had the wooden [????] had to pass over a little brook on the way to his traps. Every time he went across that little plank bridge he noticed a big trout down in the water, and he got in the habit of [?] tossin a few crumbs [????] down to the fish when he went by. That fish got so fond of him that one day he jumped out of the water and [????] followed him [?? ?] back to his cabin. The cat and the fish got to be good pals, and sometimes the cat would even carry the fish out to the woods when he went huntin'. At night the fish would sleep on a little bed of moss. One day when the cat was comin' back from a huntin' trip the fish slipped out of his mouth and down between the planks of the bridge into the water. Before the cat could help it out the trout was drowned." #

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Mrs. [Pelletier?]: (to the boy) "Do you believe all these stories Mike is telling?' (the boy said he did.) [?] "John La Roche was a good hunter too . There was a pond back of his house and one day he saw a lot of ducks restin' on the water in a circle. He had only one

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bullet and he wanted to get all those ducks, so he bent the barrel of the gun, and when he fired, the bullet went around in a circle and killed every one of them.

“There was a farmer up in Aroostock County who used to raise pumpkins — [?] big ones[,?] [?] One year he raised a lot of them and he harvested them all except one big one that he had no room for. He left it right in the field. One day in the late fall when he was drivin' his hogs back under the barn durin' a snowstorm, he saw that one of them was missin'. He couldn't locate it anywhere, and a couple of days later the snow was drifted eight feet deep. The next spring when that farmer was plowin' he found that his lost [sow?] was inside that big pumpkin with a litter of twelve little pigs.”

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would have stood back and let me go to jail, and now you're either [??] pay me or got to jail yourselves.' Applebee paid him and so did Haley and the rest. It goes to show you can get slapped into jail for a bill you don't owe.” R.G.: “Isn't a bill outlawed in a certain length of time?” Albert: “No, they changed that law. They can collect a bill no matter how old it is.” Cust: “Bills for personal services are never outlawed. If you owe a doctor, for instance, for services renders he can collect anytime.” (Cust left with his child about this time.) Albert: “Say, dad, you want to tell Bob about Jo Fountain's sister.” [Mike: “Say there's a story for you.”?] [???????????? ????????.] “ You know Anna — Jo's wife. She was tellin' us some stories about Jo's sister that died [up?] in Canada. She died two years ago, but they never got a chance to bury her because she disappeared from the room she was laid out in. They found that body two weeks ago and her flesh was just the same as it was right after she died. The body turned up in a friend's house, and nobody knows how it got there. Now this is not something that happened seventy-five years ago. The body turned up two weeks ago. Anna sat right in the chair last night and told us about it. “ [????] Mikes: “There's some people up there now investigating that. They're goin to put out a book about the girl, and when that book is published, people will have something to read: Wasn't that

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in Montreal that woman lived?" Mrs. [?] "No, that town is half way between Montreal and Quebec. [?????????]. But Anna knows it."

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"This woman [????] had been tempted by the devil ever since she was a child. Her mother died when the girl was young, and when they took her up to bury her over, they found that her flesh hadn't changed a particle. The girl pulled some flesh out of the side of her mother's neck and they put the piece of flesh in a covered jar on a mantelpiece. Whenever they take off that cover a sweet perfume fills the room. [?? and so [?] a there after [they?] found the body. She said there were [?] people in the [?], and for lunch they had a ham. Anna said she [????] self to make sandwich [? for those two hundred peoples but the ham didn't get [any smaller. They cut off slice after slice and still remains the?] [??] Mike, ["I'd like to get a hold?] of a ham like that." [?????????] " That girl used to disappear. Once they found her in the woods, and once found her frozen in ice and smilin' up at them. They used to find her locked in her room with the door locked on the outside. Once she was in a room that had a cross over the door. The door wasn't locked, but they couldn't get it open until they took down the cross and [then?] the door [opened?] itself. Once when she was in her bedroom the and mattress of her bed disappeared and they finally located it up in the attic. There was only a small hole to get in that attic, and it was too small for the mattress to go through. The door of her room detached itself and went up the stairs and then the mattress came down and appeared back on the bed. Then they heard the door come down and it attached itself to the frame without any screws. You can see that door up there now. It works like any door except that there's nothing holding it on. [?"

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(It [??] be imagined that by this time I was beginning to be a trifle flabbergasted. I know that Albert was a great practical joker, but I knew, too, that nobody could think up such incredible tales on the spur of the moment. He had no idea that my suspicions was [?] [entirely?] without foundation, but nobody could listen to stories like these without expressing incredulity. I asked him and Mike if they were telling those stories in a joking

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way to see how much I would swallow. Mike and Albert both assured me that they were merely repeating the stories that they had heard from Anna the night before. "The stories are unbelievable," said Mike, "but nobody — Anna Fountain, me, or any one else — could think up such yarns." Mr. Pelletier and Bill Rioux also assured me that Anna had told the tales that Mike and Albert were repeating. "Well," I said, "what about the Fountains ? Why are they suddenly telling about this girl? It seems as though they should have said something about her long before this.") Albert, "You don't go around tellin' stories like those to everybody: they might think you were crazy. But he often told me about that girl when [we go to?] work in the mill. The reason Anna brought it up last night was because she had just came down from there and she was tellin' us about how they found the body of her sister in law.

"The devil used to slap that girl in the face and burn parts of her body. She had hearts burned on her wrists, and the Blessed Sacrament burned on her breast. Once there was a [?] appeared on the sill of a small window. They couldn't get that cat off from there so they sent for the priest. He read some prayers and sprinkled some holy water around and that cat went down through a register in the floor [.?] something like that one the[?]

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"The devil did all sorts of things to annoy her. If she sat down to do some crochet work, when she got it nearly finished, the work would all unravel. She had a canary that disappeared from it cage. By and by it reappeared. It was very tame and when she took it in her hand to pet it, the devil crushed it.

["There was a picture of her mother on the wall and she used to stand before that and pray. Sometimes tears would roll down from the eyes in the picture. They collected some of those tears and took them to a chemist to have them analyzed. He said it was the [purest water]. [???? ??.]?] [Mike:?] "She [used?] to fill up with worms, and they'd come out of her body, her mouth, eyes, anywhere — thousands and thousands of them. Some of those worms had black heads. Scars used to appear on her body, and once one of her

fingers dropped off. After her folks died she went to live with an uncle. They loaded some of the household goods on a truck and she got into the seat [with?] the driver. On the way to her uncle's house all kinds of things happened. The wheels [fell?] off and the goods kept [fallin'?] out of the truck and they had a hard time to keep the truck on the road. There was a galvanized roof on her uncle's house, and as soon as she got inside the house they thought that [roof?] was comin' off. All kinds of rappin' and poundin' came from up there. Sometimes she'd complain that some one was chokin' her or squeezin' her, and when she complained of being choked, white marks used to appear on her throat. They found the marks of the devil's claws on her waist. “

“Anna said she and Jo were up there after they found the body. She said there were two hundred people in the house, and for lunch they had a ham. Anna said she sliced the ham herself to make sandwiches for those two hundred people, but the ham didn't get any smaller. She cut off slice after slice and it still remained the same size.

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“I slept all night after hearin' those stories, but talk about dreams! I'd carry in a lot of wood and when I got through I'd find it all outside again. The clapboards started to fall off my house and they kept fallin' off as fast as I could nail them back on. It was like that all night. I was all in, in the morning. “ [????????????] of a spiritualistic seance a while ago. Bells rang, the table jumped around, balls of light floated around the room, and spirits drew their hands across people's faces. I often thought I'd like to attend a seance. The trouble is, of course, it's all done in the dark: you can't see what's going on.” Albert: “They could see what was goin' on up there in Canada, all right. I went to a spiritualist meeting once, but they didn't turn off the lights and they didn't pull off any of that stuff you mentioned. There was some funny work there, though, just the same. I went to see what they would do, and I told my wife if he could name me I'd think he had something. “She was afraid we were goin' to be late. She had a whole dish pan full of dishes, and she says, 'dear me, I've got to wash those dishes, and if I do we'll be late for that meeting.' I just took that pan full of dishes and shoved it under the sink. ‘Bother the dishes,’ I says, ‘we'll do them after we ge

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back. I don't intend to be late for that shindig.' There were about sixty people there and by and by he called out my name — Albert Pelletier. He told me I was a happy-go-lucky guy and a lot of stuff like that, and [then he says, 'Now I'm goin' to tell you something that'll surprise you.'?]

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"You pick up a lot of stories running around the country. We travel a lot in our car. Every summer we go out berry picking. Last year we got sixty quarts of raspberries up at the Jordan cuttings. They used to be thick a few years ago over at the radio line in Bradley, but that place is all growed up now. It's pretty well growed up too out at Pushaw Pond. Those places last only about three years. We always take out a few sandwiches for a lunch and a little drinking water. We could have got along without a lunch last summer, though, out at the Jordan cuttings. I never saw such big berries. We filled our pails in no time.

"We go to card parties once in a while, but I don't believe we've been to the movies twice in the last year. Those 'love pictures' are no good, but I like a good western. I don't read much now, but I used to like western magazines and stories. When I was a kid I never got enough of those Wild West yarns. I guess I've settled down."